

Gatekeepers

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by [Meicdon13](#)

Summary

Satsuki takes the responsibilities of being a big sister very seriously.

Notes

I wanted Satsuki being a ridiculous big sister because we all know she'd be one.

You can also read the fic at [Dreamwidth](#) and [Tumblr](#).

“Sanageyama,” the crazy bitch in front of Kousuke says.

In an instant, the tip of a wooden sword is millimeters away from his throat. The green-haired dude—Sanageyama—holding it has this wild look in his eyes that makes Kousuke think about making a run for it before he remembers the hulking blond guy standing right behind him.

Another guy, this one with glasses, is standing beside the woman Kousuke's labelled Crazy Bitch in his head. He's got a tablet in his hand and he looks like he's scrolling through its contents. “Sawamura Kousuke,” Glasses drones. “Eighteen years old. Currently works as a part-time mechanic at his family's garage. Which is where he met—”

“Matoi Ryuuko.” Kousuke's taller than Crazy Bitch but damn. The way she talks and looks at him makes him feel like he's something particularly nasty stuck to the bottom of her shoe.

There's a heavy pause after Crazy Bitch says Ryuuko's name and Kousuke's not sure what he's supposed to *do* but the pink-haired pipsqueak standing on the Crazy Bitch's other side speaks up. “Is this really necessary, Satsuki-chan?”

Crazy Bitch, now re-labelled Satsuki, furrows her truly impressive eyebrows and narrows her eyes. Pink Hair seems to take that as her answer because she sighs and pulls out a baton from who-the-fuck-knows where she kept it. The way she holds it scares Kousuke a bit more than Sanageyama's sword.

The entire time—from being dragged into an alley and through a door into what looks like an abandoned building and being surrounded by the Crazy Bitch and her minions—Satsuki hasn't looked away from Kousuke, but she gets this look on her face that's even more intense than before and Kousuke's life flashes before his eyes. "What are your intentions towards my younger sister?"

"Thank you, Soroi," Satsuki murmurs as she takes a moment to appreciate the fragrance of her tea.

"This afternoon was a success, I hope?" Soroi asks politely.

Satsuki allows herself a small smile. Soroi's fondness for Ryuuko has simply grown over the months since they found out that they were actually sisters. He hasn't said anything, but Satsuki knows him enough to safely say that he probably considers Ryuuko his charge, the same way he looks after Satsuki.

"Today was simply more information-gathering," Satsuki says. "I still haven't decided whether or not to encourage him or get rid of him."

The phone rings before Soroi can say anything and he goes off to answer it. A few minutes later, he returns with it. "It's Ryuuko-sama for you."

Satsuki's barely pressed the phone to her ear when Ryuuko starts yelling. "*Seriously?*"

Satsuki doesn't pretend to not know why Ryuuko's so agitated. "Of course."

"I don't even like him!"

"So he's bothering you? I can have Gamagoori—"

"*No!* I mean, I don't like *like* him..." Satsuki can practically hear Ryuuko's blush over the phone. She decides to take that into consideration when she finally makes her decision. "Anyway! You can't just randomly kidnap people off the streets!"

"You don't like him? So you bringing your motorcycle to their garage three times over the past week simply means he's an inadequate mechanic?"

"We're *friends*. Friends hang out."

Satsuki changes the direction of the conversation, knows that Ryuuko's going to stay characteristically stubborn about the whole thing. "When are you moving in?"

There's the sound of rustling cloth over the phone, Ryuuko probably fidgeting nervously. "This weekend. Mako wants to help me bring my stuff over." More rustling. "You sure it's okay—"

Satsuki cuts her off. "Ryuuko." They've had this conversation multiple times over the past month. There's no reason for Ryuuko to stay at Mankanshoku's when there's more than enough room at Satsuki's house.

And with Ryuuko under the same roof, Satsuki can keep an eye on the developments concerning

Sawamura much easier.

“I won’t force you to move in if you don’t want to,” Satsuki says. “But I would like for us to stay together.”

Ryuuko makes a flustered, embarrassed noise and Satsuki resists the urge to smile. She’s enjoying teasing Ryuuko in her own way, supposes she’s making up for lost time. And she is honestly looking forward to living with Ryuuko not just so she can make sure to keep her out of trouble and safe, but also because she wants to get to know the sister she lost and then, miraculously, found.

“Alright, alright! No need to get all sentimental,” Ryuuko huffed. “I’ll see you soon, yeah?”

“Goodbye, Ryuuko.”

Satsuki ends the call, goes back to drinking her tea as she goes over the plans for the weekend. Ryuuko and Mankanshoku will probably arrive in the afternoon so she’ll have to get Inumuta to finish setting up the surveillance system before then. Sawamura probably wouldn’t do anything as foolish as try to sneak into Ryuuko’s room, but Satsuki believes in being prepared.

Satsuki takes a sip of her tea. Yes, she is definitely going to enjoy being an older sister.

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